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THE SATURDAY BULLETIN.

Combining, with the News of the Week, a rich Variety of Fashion, Humor, and the interesting Incidents of Real Life.

No. 245

FOR THE SATURDAY BULLETIN.

THE TOWN TALKER.—NO. 49.

I promised my readers to furnish the contrast to the excellent character of Mrs. Morton. This I am enabled to do completely, by my acquaintance with Mrs. Blanche. In my walk to — Alley, her present residence, I naturally began to compare those circumstances in her life, which bore a resemblance to the life of Eliza; and aim to reveal the splendid scene in which I last met Mrs. B. in public.

This lady was the heiress of a large fortune. Her food, but mistaken parents had spared neither attention nor expense, to give her what is called the best education. Her French tutor, music, drawing and dancing master, were the most approved and costly of the city afforded, and her attainments in these accomplishments were such as made her a proficient. All this was very well; but it was the misfortune of Miss Fanny Edwards that her improvements went as farther. She never resorted to a book, for amusement or instruction. She was taught to live for herself, and to place her enjoyment in the most frivolous gratifications. Nature had given her an elegant exterior, and from the age of thirteen it became her ruling passion to decorate it. Her parents indifferently fostered this propensity, by the extravagant sums they appropriated to her private use, and the rapturous applause, which in the overflowing pride of their hearts, they bestowed on her beauty and gracefulness. Her acquaintances and servants followed their example, and her ears were perpetually filled with the most extravagant flattery. The delight she felt in hearing her own praise, gave rise to an opinion that this gratification could not be purchased at too great a price. And as in her eyes, the richest dress, jewels and trinkets, added to her charms, she annually expended in the purchase of these articles, a sum adequate to the support of a frugal family.

It must be observed that when I apply the term beauty to Miss Edwards, I use it according to the common acceptance, and not in conformity to my own old fashioned notions of the subject. My opinion is, that the soul is the seat of all genuine beauty; that in proportion as a face expresses the virtues and intelligence of the mind, it is beautiful or otherwise; and that the beauty which alone is calculated to give me delight, can no more exist without these corresponding qualities of the heart, than a shadow without a substance. To my infatuated organs, the attractions of a finely formed neck or arm are not enhanced by a profusion of bracelets and gold chains. But when admiring a beautiful object in simple robes, if we were informed that the extra expense necessary to furnish these embellishments, was employed in benevolent purposes—that it was a fund to alleviate the miseries of the industrious poor, to support and educate the destitute orphan—what sublime emotions would mingle with our admiration.

These reflections, however, never once occurred to Miss Edwards, in her thoughtless round of dress and amusement. A length, after innumerable triumphs over those who presumed to her in splendor, she married a young gentleman who, as might be expected, excelled those accomplishments which had obtained with her an exclusive preference—a fine person and graceful address. Yet Mr. Blomson excelled in nothing more valuable; he had but little sagacity, and less benevolence: but he possessed the solid recommendation of fifty thousand dollars. Thus placed, by what was styled her happy destiny, in the very vortex of fashion and folly, with a fortune greatly augmented by the death of her parents, Mr. B. plunged him into dissipation and extravagance, beyond example even in the present state of manners in Philadelphia. As to the matrimonial connexion, it was a circumstance which had very little influence on her happiness, in any other way than by enlarging her means of profusion. It was not to be expected that two beings such as Henry and Fanny Blomson, were qualified to taste the sweets arising from mutual esteem and condescension; or that persons whose tastes had been so much visited by a life of mere amusement, should retain a very exquisite relish for domestic pleasures. They did not indeed interfere much with each other's pursuits. They seldom met in the day, and when they did chance to encounter, did not hold themselves accountable in the least degree, for the disposition of their time or property, to each other. In this manner they moved through the circle of the year, indifferent to public and private duties; pitiably led by the few, but envied by the multitude.

The last time I saw this gay lady in company, was at a private ball given in celebration of the day on which she completed her twenty-fourth year. Completely detained me half an hour beyond the time mentioned in the card, so that when I arrived the music had begun, and Mrs. Blomson was going down the first dance with an English gentleman of rank, and great personal attractions. The splendor of the scene was such, that I could scarcely believe the report of my senses. The hall-room, which was lofty and spacious, and of a circular form, had been converted by the skill of the artist into a Grecian temple. A dome, of light and elegant architecture, was supported by eighteen columns, apparently of white marble. It was dedicated to Mirth. Opposite the principal entrance, was a statue, of exquisite workmanship, surrounded with emblems and devices expressive of her character. The columns were hung with festoons of flowers, and innumerable lamps were suspended in every variety of figure. The Grecian history had been transposed and the scenes of the Trojan war, and the like, were depicted on the walls of the hall. The floor was covered with a carpet, which was to be seen in the distance. On the carpet, there was a large oval, containing a picture of the goddess of Love, and a small one of Cupid. The curtains were of a deep red color, and the windows were covered with white muslin. The room was filled with perfume, and the air was fragrant with the odors of violets, roses, and orange blossoms. The music, which was performed by a band of musicians, was excellent, and the voices of the performers were well sustained. The room was filled with people of all ranks and conditions, and the general atmosphere was gay and festive. The music, however, was not very good, and the dancing was not very lively. The room was filled with people of all ranks and conditions, and the general atmosphere was gay and festive. The music, however, was not very good, and the dancing was not very lively.

At that time, a direful reverse of circumstances had taken place. Mr. Blomson and his lady had contrived to dissipate a fortune, adequate to the noblest purposes, without performing one generous or beneficial action. The remembrance of past excesses and neglected advantages did not in any degree lessen the evils of poverty and contempt, nor the recollection of past splendor reconcile him to the bare and gloomy walls of a prison, to which he was consigned. As for the lady, she had never anticipated so much as a reduction of her extravagancies, or thought of furnishing herself with resources of pleasure, in case the means of enjoying balls and concerts should be available in any other sphere than that in which she moved.

In speculating on these vicissitudes, and picturing to myself what effect they might have on her character, I was unconscious of the streets I passed, and almost mechanically reached her door, in the narrow, dirty alleys before mentioned. It was the entrance to a room about twelve feet square, with a ceiling proportionately low. The little light admitted by a small window, was very much abridged by a rich chintz curtain, deeply decorated with dots and smocks. The curtain had been contracted in all its dimensions, before

it could be brought to answer its present destination. A mahogany card table, covered also with dust, stood before an enormous looking glass, which literally reflected from the floor to the ceiling, and under the table sat a dog, playing with its image in the glass.

The chairs and other furniture, which were huddled into this apartment, were the relics of former elegance, and all bore the traces of present neglect. In one corner sat a pale emaciated figure, leaning over a miserable squallid infant, in whom I could not for some moments recognize the gay and elegant Mrs. Blomson.

She was indeed the very reverse of what I had beforeseen her. Her sallow and neglected dress, her haggard eyes, and cheeks lashed in tears, but still accented with the birth-night scene which still glowed in my imagination; or the object despoiled, the helpless innocence which her conversation expressed, with the dignified composure and firm independence of spirit which I had just beheld in Mrs. Morton. I was oppressed with the sensations which the contrast excited, and inwardly lamented the miserable spectacle which a human being, when under the pressure of misfortune. When we see such in the day of prosperity, we see them apparently happy. An enlightened observer will doubtless regret that their minds are not furnished with the means of enjoying themselves, yet still the prospect does not immediately affect us. But take away the baubles which pleased and supported them in their airy circles, and all that remains to them is unmixed degradation and despair.

Mrs. Morton and Mrs. Blomson, though real characters, represent two classes of female minds. Let my young readers decide to which they would choose to belong, and if they select Mrs. Morton, let me advise them to allow no opportunity of improvement to escape them—in their cultivate their minds, improve their hearts, and strengthen their characters by contemplating such. No condition of life is secure from the inroads of misfortune; the richest are hurried into poverty. How important that all should be prepared to meet inevitable misfortunes with firmness and decision.

From the Pennsylvania Inquirer.

A FAMILY SQUABBLE.

Good Uncle Sam was much perplex'd
By nephew and by niece;
What pleased the one, the other vex'd,
And both disturbed his peace.

Though too well-lead to scratch or bite,
They gave their foes some trouble;
For saying that they'd fight & fight—
But that was all a scandal!

The sprightly Carolines thus
Address'd her Uncle Sammy—
"You know I can't abide a fust!
A gentle lady I am!"

But, if you don't whip Jonathan,
Who spoilt my corron gown,
I say, I am not a gentleman,
Not better than a clown!"

She said her gown was good and new,
Which Jonathan had torn!
He said his sister was a shrew,
Who trod upon his comb!

That coxcomb for which his Uncle had
Just given him a plaster—
And that his sister had gone mad,
Because he just brusk'd her!

To sooth such little trifling freaks
Of sister and of brother,
Their Uncle patted both their cheeks,
And made them kiss each other!

BIOGRAPHY.

From the Court and Camp of Bonaparte.

POUCHE.

Joseph Fouche, destined to exercise, for a series of years, an fatal influence over the affairs of his country, was born at Nantes, on the 29 of May, 1753. Intended by his father, the owner of a merchant vessel, for a maritime life, he was sent at the early age of nine years, to one of the establishments of ecclesiastics, called Perier de la Touche, to receive a classical education. There, however, he soon manifested talents, and, indeed, the industry of his frame rendering him unfit to encounter the bantam elements, he became a member of the college, with the view of qualifying himself for public instruction. He is represented as being at this time interested in his studies, and impatient of restraint; but, though apparently of an idle and frivolous turn of mind, it was remarked that the books which he selected for his reading, and various articles of interest, were of a serious character.

Fouche de Ferrières.—He had no taste for poetry, and abhorred the study of languages. Having completed his education at Paris, Fouche proceeded to teach moral philosophy and the mathematics at Arras, Juilly, Niort and the military school at Vendôme. At the first mentioned town he was chosen their President. He had not, however, been many days in his new office before he was charged by Robespierre with having "disgraced the revolution by his excesses," and reprehended for his intimacy with the infamous Chammelot of Nivelle. He was even accused of being a spy for Robespierre, and his private secretary, Dr. Bourrienne, was his pensioner. Of the extent to which Napoleon himself was subjected to this galling system of espionage, Fouche furnishes us with the following annual statement:

"Bourrienne one day observed that, considering my acknowledged talents, he was astonished I did not perform my functions better; and that there were several things of which I was ignorant." "Yes," replied, "there existed many things of which I was ignorant, but of which I am no longer. For instance, a little man, mounted on a gray great-coat, and accompanied by a single servant, often steals out at dark night from his residence to commit some outrage."

The day before yesterday I had the happiness to see eight hundred of my soldiers in the assembly hall. The same day I witnessed the shooting of nine hundred of these brigands—and for tomorrow, I and Cesar have prepared a civic baptism of twelve hundred women and children—mother, sister, wife, daughter, or sons of the accursed robbers of Vende. Thus, in two days, three generations of rebels and fanatics will have ceased to exist."

On his return to Paris, in April, 1794, Fouche repaired to the First Consul, and, after a conference with his minister of police, was appointed to the secretariat of state, and in June he was chosen their President. He had not, however, been many days in his new office before he was charged by Robespierre with having "disgraced the revolution by his excesses," and reprehended for his intimacy with the infamous Chammelot of Nivelle. He was even accused of being a spy for Robespierre, and his private secretary, Dr. Bourrienne, was his pensioner. Of the extent to which Napoleon himself was subjected to this galling system of espionage, Fouche furnishes us with the following annual statement:

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EDWARD BROOKS & T. E. GREENBAUM,
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WORLD—COURT AND CHURCH—POLITICS—IN THE FIELD OF THE PRESS.

DOMESTIC BUSINESS OF AMERICANS.
We have printed our reader with some extracts from the novels or observations on American made by a Mrs. Trodloe, whom You will have seen in our last issue of *The Liberator*. The following is a few words from her article, and all that is new in it, and will be found in the book of *Domestic Business of Americans*, after perusing the English edition, may not be liked.

It has been desired by many, if Mrs. Trodloe, who has so clearly published her opinions upon American manners, ever during her sojourn visited into good society, we even go beyond the doctors, and venture to assert the probability of her not having had the chance of studying the polished society of any nation. Would any well bred woman of any country—desire her included by the leveling term "Mr. T." She says many things that to refined English women would have been, or, saving what would have understood—still less have written and published. We frequently find that travellers that their eyes were at home, and open them, only closed, when every thing appears to be new, because it has not hitherto been noticed. In the English House of Commons, Mrs. Trodloe may see gentlemen wearing their hats, and holding their whole length on benches. Nor need she confine herself to an American theatre to observe the unmerciful custom of throwing coats over the fronts of boxes, flinging orange peels and other articles on the stage. By a curious coincidence, a book of travel in England by a German Prince, was published there about the same time; in the third volume he refers to some of the minor London Theatres, and English audiences are assured by him of the very same acts of barbarity which she appears to have been unconscious of until she began to look for them in America. Spitting she describes our boasting in—The German prince avers that "an Englishman's spit is his stomach!" We leave our readers to decide which is the most proper. The march of literature attracts the admiration of Mrs. Trodloe. She says, "If you purchase a yard of ribbon, the shopkeeper lays down a newspaper, perhaps two or three, to measure it. I have seen a shopkeeper's doorway perched on the slabs of his dry, reading one newspaper, while another was tucked under his arm." Now what was this in this to notice her alarm or dislike, we are at a loss to discern. To us it is proof positive, that the dyspepsia, a very responsible man in his way, and we are willing to take him as a representative of his class, if she chooses, know how to read, and had information enough to render the reading of a newspaper more desirable than sitting idly talking nonsense, when he was not otherwise employed. If work people do not read in England, it is either because they don't know how, or have not time or taste for it, or else the reading of a newspaper is no highly taxed to support a king and tax aristocracy, that they cannot afford it—that is the fact of the case, or if they could afford to pay fifty dollars a year for the luxury of a daily paper, which costs but eight, their time is taxed too heavily to gain a subsistence, to permit the indulgence in such a luxury.

It is a good trait when every body in a nation reads—we could wish not only to see dyspeps, but their wives and daughters, well instructed; when they are, they never will consent to be governed as Mrs. T.'s neighbors at home are, and have been taught. Give people a taste for reading, and see how long they will support a national system of titles like that of Ireland, where nine tenths of the people of another religion are taxed to support a set of clergymen who disgrace their church by residing abroad in riotous living, and paying a small sum to an ordering to perform their duties. How men can submit to this and other abuses, has long puzzled our republican brains.

And these Mrs. Trodloe saw our "President riding on horseback, and leading another horse beside him."

This was too much for her ladyship. We suppose she has been educated to prefer paying a tax for the light of heaven which shone through her window, in order that a Dutch king might have fifty servants to liver to lead and feed his horses for him.

There is no accounting for tastes, else, perhaps, would she have professed this simple President's habits to those of King William, who has a dozen or so illegitimate children, named Fitzwilliams, the offspring of Mrs. Jordan the actress, provided fit out of the public purse! A kind of invention in government, which "American manners" never would submit to, while newspapers can be read by all classes. The money wasted on the Fitzwilliams would give a daily paper to every family in England, if they were not taxed higher than they are in America.

Then might we retort on poor Mrs. Trodloe, but fortunately there is no necessity of so doing. Her bark will speak for itself, as a publication paid for by government to induce emigration to Canada rather than to the United States. We turn to a more grateful theme; Mr. W. G. Ouseley, a member of the British Legation at Washington, has published, since Mrs. Trodloe's "Remarks" on us and our institutions, which are of a very different character. Mr. O. argues that the government of America is well adapted to the circumstances of its inhabitants, that its institutions neither generate corruption nor connoisseurship, that its domestic manners are often misrepresented, and that with millions of acres of fine land to occupy, its prosperity is certain. He controverts many of the statements of Captain Hall, Mrs. Trodloe, and others, with unanswerable arguments. He says:

"There may be much want of external polish found among the much poorer and grosser classes, although there are few of the more miserable characters of human beings, in numbers to prove such that talent and well directed industry are certain, as human institutions can make them, of being rewarded by the highest stations in society; yet it will not be easy to find among the numerous and efficient persons employed by the American government, a single specimen of the general vulgar but expressively classified as the 'Jack-in-the-office,' whose absurd or stupid importance often staggers the negotiations of the European bureaus that employ them. There are to be found men of large knowledge and acquired possessions, whose feelings, education and manners would ornament any society, dispossessed of the peculiar vices of an exclusive circle, or the patrician pretensions of the silver fork school."

Mr. Ouseley saw good society—Mrs. Trodloe only bad.

WORKS.

We have before us a printed quarterly page, which we understand is literally distributed about the city among the ignorant, foolish,—"Two ways to come," and signed "John Wycliff Keely, Explainer of Revelation and Prophecy." The man is either deranged, or very wicked, to be so easily to suppose any person in their senses can believe him. The most charitable construction that can be put upon his reasoning is to suppose him crazy, and persuade all who however possessed of knowledge to believe him. The following is the first page for instance, "Beginning of 1897 Christ will reign 1000 years, and every kingdom of this world will be destroyed with Amazement. The Christian Church will be gathered toward the Mississippi, 1000 or there hundred miles up the Mississippi, and all that will not confess themselves will be gathered thence by God's command, and the command of the angels, the two involving written and oral commands, and plague the wicked and corrupt as far as they please."

Again, "The Earthquakes and Great Building will

soon be finished in this world, but consider the world so wide—Mark them and Marvel." This is uttered once, and we should not have noticed it, but the next mentioned is so implicitly believed in some circles. The fellow should have a circuit jacket on his shoulders.

THE CHOLERA.

Since our last publication the Cholera has increased considerably in New York, and a panic has been created both by the physicians and public authorities due to its without adequate cause. The special medical examination on Tuesday, in their report to the Mayor assure the Board of Health that the disease in the city is confined to the importers, the interpreters, and those who injure themselves by taking improper medicines. So limited is the disease to particular descriptions of persons, and to particular localities, that many physicians known to be most extensively engaged in private practice, have not reported or met with a single case.

In addition to this the Commercial Advertiser of the same day says—"The Mayor informed the Board of Health yesterday, that he was enabled to state positively, that there was no malignant sickness, of any description, in the harbor of New York, either on board any ship or vessel, at the Quarantine Ground or elsewhere, in any of the hospitals at Staten Island. Such a total exemption from disease in the harbor, of this season of the year, is quite an unusual circumstance."

The reports of deaths in New York for the week ending on Saturday last, gave a total of 100, not an unusual mortality for this season of the year.

On Friday of last week, where our last report stopped, the total number of new cases was Twenty-one, of which Nineteen died. On Saturday there were Forty-two new cases and Twenty-one deaths. On Saturday night, says the Mercantile Advertiser, barrels of Tar were burned in Greenwich, Hudson, Duane, and other streets in that part of the city. This is a plan which has been adopted in several cities afflicted with the Cholera, and supposed to have had a beneficial effect. While the origin of the disease is a mystery, the real efficacy of burning tar cannot be proved; but it is admitted, we believe on all hands, that it can do no harm.

On Sunday at twelve o'clock Forty-One new cases and Twenty-one deaths were announced. On Monday the report gave One hundred and Five new cases, and Twenty-one deaths, and the papers of that day say—

"The great increase of cases in to-day's report is from a new source altogether, viz. the Yellow Alms House. There are in that establishment more than 3000 persons in all, generally with constitutions broken down. The Cholera has attacked a good many of them, but has not been so fatal as might have been expected.

Patients continued to be brought in at the Park Hospital rather faster this morning than in a previous time; but the physicians there told us at 12 o'clock that the cases were inconsiderable, as in the condition and character of the patients, were almost all of them completely within the control of medicine, and were not brought within any reasonable time after the attack.

The Medical Council submitted some recommendations today, to be published to the citizens, cautioning them against exposure to night air, colds from the sudden changes of the weather, and excesses of all sorts.

They say that "the cases continue to occur chiefly among the intemperate, the indigent, and the improvident."

The report of to-day exhibits a great falling off in all but the Hospital and Hospital cases.

A drowning child at China street lost a child by cholera on Friday. The parents refused all intercessions for its removal, and remained until Sunday morning; both parents in the mean time remaining healthy. On Sunday morning the attention of the neighbors was attracted by the groans of the father. On entering the house he was found dead at death door with Cholera, and his wife dead drunk by his side, and lying by her still born infant of which she had been delivered during the night. The man was immediately taken to the hospital, but died before he arrived."

On THURSDAY ONE HUNDRED AND NINE NEW CASES, and, FORTY-FOUR deaths.

On Wednesday ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-ONE new cases and Forty deaths.

In Albany, on Saturday, there were ten new cases and three deaths. On Sunday eleven cases and three deaths.

NIAGARA, July 26, 1852.

We have not been visited with any further cases of cholera since date of my last. There is, however, a constant supply of cholera cases in the city, and, after a few days' frosty drink (fortunately, I may add) from a fine spring of cold water so freely, that he has been soothed with rest, exercise, &c., and if not now dead, is not expected by the medical gentlemen to recover.

KANSAS, July 5.—It affords me pleasure to inform you that the last report announces the death of only one person by cholera, but I regret to inform you, that the disease has broken out at Hallowell. In that village there are ten cases and four deaths. Medical assistance has gone from that place.

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PALESTINE, July 1.—We have received from Dr. Josephus, the official returns for the week ending July 3d. We gave yesterday all the cases up to the 2d. On the evening of that day there remained 7 cases. On the 3d, there was no new case, I died, I recovered, and 5 remained.

QUEBEC, July 4.—Remaining, 62; admissions, 62; convalescent, 58; discharged, 24; deaths, 8.—Total admissions into the hospitals, 900; deaths 306.

THE CHOLERA IN MONTREAL.—A friend in Montreal under date of Thursday last, writes as follows:—"The Cholera here is almost extinct. The Board of Health's bulletin are not to be trusted. The horrids are more than the cases, and this arises from their stating the horrids of all diseases. Typhus and Diarrheas are very fatal and common. Most of the Doctors have no cases to attend to."

MONTRAL, July 4.—The health of our city has declined immeasurably to day, though still some new cases have occurred. Thus far we are increasing, and will be so, by the following report of the Board of Health, that a very serious mortality still prevails.

At Chambly the Cholera seems to prevail with unabated malignity.

At Caughnawaga the same mortality continues.

BOARD OF HEALTH,

Montreal, July 4th, 1852. —

New cases (Typhus fever we suppose) from 20th to 30th of June, at 2 P. M.

Burials at 7 P. M. to 30th at 7 P. M.

Cases from 20th June to July 1, 2 P. M.

Burials to 7 P. M.

Cases from 1st July to 21st July, 2 P. M.

Burials to 7 P. M.

QUEBEC, June 25, 1852.

Yesterday at the Grand Hotel of this parish, 500 old and persons were recommended to prayers, of which it is supposed 750 died of Cholera. About 200 have been recommended in the parish of St. Roch, making nearly 1000 in all. If to them are added the Protestants, of whom the numbers not cured are at least 300 or 400, we shall have for this city alone a total of 1,100 persons carried off with the space of twenty-five days.

REASONS FOR CANADIAN EMIGRATION.—The ladies of New Haven have endeavored to interest the minds, and made up, twelve hundred subscribers, to be distributing the offering envelope in Canada and those who are there doing along our Northern frontier. The Irish residents in New Haven have likewise contributed fifty dollars in money, for the same benevolent purpose.

QUARANTINE REGULATIONS IN QUEBEC CITY.

Extract of a letter dated Newport, July 6, 1852, to a citizen in New York.—"We have been unable to ascertain, and people here are equally ignorant, what is the exact date of the arrival of the cholera in Quebec City. We have heard of cases occurring along the coast of the St. Lawrence River, and of course, the cholera must have been introduced into Quebec City, and that it is now prevalent, and will be so for some time to come."

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THE UNFORTUNATE.—Dr. Saville's life-preserving lotion, watered to preserve life to the time of the breath's leaving the body, if taken in sufficient quantities, and not mixed with any other, causes strict moderation in eating and drinking, and if care is used, will continue to perfect a cure.

GEORGE BETTNER, M. D.

New York, July 6, 1852.

To THE LIBERTY.—Dr. Saville's life-preserving

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